

The Living

Deacon Blue

Oh Kate the weather's good
The summer's come
What could you do here?
Should we pursue everything?
Insist on joy?
Hound out the humdrum?

Oh Kate we're the lucky ones
The first of them
That burst into that sea
We're not running scared
Locked up
Or frightened for what will be
Ooh wah wah
Wah wah ooh

Can we be the precious
The jewels
The longed for?
Are we the forgiven
The bright stars of the morning, the living?

So Kate we never did
The things we said
The promises we made
Oh Kate can we burn out
Fade away gloriously instead?
Ooh wah wah
Wah wah ooh

Can we be the precious
The jewels
The longed for?
Are we the forgiven
The bright stars of the morning, the shining?
So are we everything
We believed in
To the finish
From the beginning?
The Living?
The Living?
The living the living the living the living the living